

SASKATCHEWAN  
WHEAT POOL

*25th  
Anniversary .  
Dinner*

NOVEMBER 7, 1949

# *Menu*

**Hotel Saskatchewan Rolls**

(Pool Flour of course)

**Sea Food Cocktail (Pacific)**

**Vegetable Soup**

**Roast Saskatchewan Turkey**

**Cranberry Sauce**

**Carrots Vichy**

**Chateau Potatoes**

**Peach Melba**

**Cakes and Coffee**

## The Old Brigade

1. These are the boys of the Old Brigade  
That worked for us from the start;  
Wesson and Adams, Fen Sproule, McCaig,  
They never once lost heart.

Sveund and Marsh, and Howard too,  
Where can their equal be?  
These are the Boys of the Old Brigade  
That led us to Victory.

Chorus:

Readily, Bushel by Bushel,  
Steadily, Grade by Grade,  
We've broken the "Line",  
Everything's Fine,  
Thanks to those of the Old Brigade.

2. But what of the Boys no longer here,  
Who worked with us till they died;  
Coates and McPhail, Bruillette and Weir,  
They helped to stem the tide.

Moffat and Widdup, Wilson, Young,  
Jenkins and Evans too,  
With Bristow they worked and planned so well  
For all that is good and true.

Chorus:

Readily, Bushel by Bushel,  
Steadily, Grade by Grade,  
We've broken the "Line",  
Everything's Fine,  
Thanks to those of the Old Brigade.

COMMUNITY SONG. . . . . Tune: "The Old Grey Mare"

The Sask. Wheat Pool, she got where she is today,  
And right there she's going to stay,  
Got there the only way,  
The Sask. Wheat Pool, she got there the only way,  
By Co-op-er-a-tion.

Chorus:

Co-op-er-a-tion,  
Co-op-er-a-tion,  
The Sask. Wheat Pool, she got where she is today  
By Co-op-er-a-tion.

The Sask. Wheat Pool began in a tiny way,  
Planned in a mighty way,  
Brought sun to our "Rainy Day,"  
The Sask. Wheat Pool brought sun to our "Rainy Day,"  
Twenty-five years ago.

Chorus:

Twenty-five years ago,  
Twenty-five years ago,  
The Sask. Wheat Pool was planned in a mighty way,  
Twenty-five years ago.

## Jack McPherson's Song

Set me down near a town in Saskatchewan,  
I'm a prairie boy at heart.  
Let me go shooting gophers with my old .22,  
Let me dance in the school house when the week's work is thru.  
By the wheat with my sweetheart  
I'll settle down,  
While the other fellows roam,  
I'll remain on the plains of Saskatchewan—  
My golden prairie home.  
I'll remain growing grain in Saskatchewan—  
My golden prairie home.